

THE 16
Lady's Dressing-Room.

A

POEM.

By * * * * * * *



The Second EDITION.

LONDON, Printed, and DUBLIN,
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London Printed and Published by
T. & J. DODS

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PHOENIX

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LADY'S Dressing-Room, &c.

FIVE Hours, and who can do it less in?
By haughty Cælia spent in Dressing;
The Goddess from her Chamber issues,
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues.

Strephon, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict Survey
Of all the Litter, as it lay,
Whereof to make the Matter clear,
An Inventory follows here:

And first a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Armpits well besmeard,
Strephon the Rogue display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side,

On such a Point, few Words are best;
 And Strepbon bids us guesst the rest,
 But swears how damnable the Men lye,
 In calling *Celia* sweet and cleanly;

Now listen while he next produces,
 The various Combs for various Uses,
 Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
 No Brush cou'd force a Way betwixt.
 A Paste of Composition rare,
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair,
 A Forehead Cloath with Oyl upon't,
 To smooth the Wrinkles on her Front,
 Here Allum Flower to stop the Steams;
 Exhal'd from four unsavoury Streams,
 There Night Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,
 The Bitch bequeath'd her when she dy'd,
 With Puppy Water, Beauties help,
 Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.
 Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste,
 Some with Pomatum, Paints and Slops,
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.
 Hard by a filthy Bason stands,
 Fowl'd with the scow'ring of her Hands,
 The Bason takes whatever comes,
 The scraping from her Teeth and Gams,
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,
 here she Spits, and here she Spues,

But

But O ! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the Towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd and beslim'd,
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes ;
Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps,
Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o're with Snuff and Snot,
The Stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the Marks of stinking Toes,
Or greasy Coifs and Pinners reeking,
Which *Cælia* slept at least a Week in.
A pair of Tweezers next he found,
To pluck her Brows in Arches round,
Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of *Cælia's* magnifying Glas,
When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,
It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant,
A Glas that can to Sight disclose,
The smallest Worm in *Cælia's* Nose,
And faithfully direct her Nail,
To squeeze it out from Head to Tail ;
For catch it nicely by the Head,
It must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest,
And must you needs describe the Chest,

Tha.

That careless Wench b' no Creature warn her, 10 ting
 To move it out from yonder Corner. biered or nedW
 But leave it standing full in Sight,
 For you to exercise your Spight ;
 In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,
 With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
 To make it seem in this Disguise,
 A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,
 Which Strepbon ventur'd to look in,
 Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin,
 He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,
 He smelt it all the Time before,
 As from within *Pandora's Box*,
 When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
 A sudden universal Grew,
 Of human Evils upwards flew,
 still was comforted to find,
 Hope at last remain'd behind ;
 Strepbon lifting up the Lid,
 view what in the Chest was hid.
 Vapours flew from up the Vent,
 Strepbon cautious, never meant
 e bottom of the Pan to grope,
 and foul his Hands in Search of Hope.
 never may such vile Machine
 once in *Celia's Chamber* seen,
 may she better learn to keep,
 hose Secrets of the hoary Deep,

As Mutton-Cutlets, prime of meat,
 Which tho' with Art you salt and beat,
 As Laws of Cookery require, in garnishes will be
 And toast them at the clearest fire;
 If from a-down the hopeful Chops
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
 To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
 Poisning the Flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greater Stench,
 For which you curse the careless Wench;
 So things which must not be express'd,
 When drop'd into the reeking Chest,
 Send up an excremental Smell,
 To taint the Part from whence they fell,
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,
 Which waft a Stink round every Room;
 Thus finishing his grand Survey,
 Disgusted Strephon flunk away,
 Repeating in his Amorous Fits,
 Oh! Calia, Calia, Calia

But Vengeance, Goddess, never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping.
 His foul Imagination links
 Each Dame he sees, with all her Stinks,
 And if unsavoury Odours fly,
 Conceives a Lady standing by,

All Women his Description fits,
 And both Ideas jump like Wits,
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in Contrast,
 I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
 To all the Charms of Female Kind.

Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?
 To him that looks behind the Scene,
 Statira's but some pocky Quean,
 When *Celia* in her Glory shews,
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemers
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams,
 Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
 With which he makes so foul a Rout,
 He soon would learn to think like me,
 And bless his ravish'd Sight to see
 Such Order from Confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.

F I N I S.